

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH QUEEN OF RUMANIA

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

THE PRINCE WHO WANTS TO KNOW.

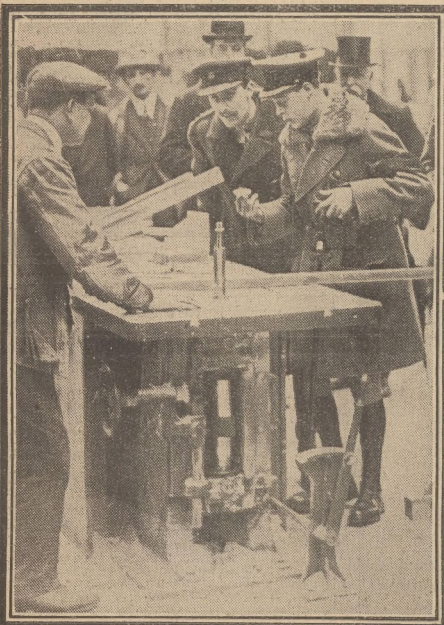
'MY LIFE'S WORK'



Mr. Handley Page acting as guide. The Princes followed his explanations of the different processes with deep interest.



Queen Marie of Rumania, who granted an exclusive interview to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday. She told how her mission and part of her life's work was to make the Rumanians a healthy and happy people. The interview appears on page 2.



Examining a piece of welding.



Competitors in the race passing the Prince of Wales (third from right), Prince Albert extreme right.



The Prince of Wales watching the finish at Kenley. Inset Corporal Blewitt (M.G.C.), the first man home.

The Prince of Wales and Prince Albert yesterday visited Messrs. Handley Page's aeroplane factory at Cricklewood, and evinced deep interest in all the processes of manufacture.

ture, and also watched the Army inter-command cross-country championship. The Prince of Wales, as President of the Army Cross-Country Association, presented the prizes.

QUEEN OF RUMANIA: EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW TO 'THE DAILY MIRROR'

Lead British Women Gave to the World.

HER GREAT MISSION.

To Get Aid for Women and Children of Distressed Rumania.

By ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

"My legacy to Rumania when I am called will, I hope, be found in a healthy and happy people. That is my mission. That is part of my life's work."

Thus the Queen of Rumania, speaking to me yesterday, when I had the honour of being presented to her Majesty. She spoke gravely and wistfully at times—as one who has known the fret and ache of many sorrows.

The loss of her son Prince Mircea during the war has written tragedy upon a face of great beauty and charm. And the ordeal of Rumania overrun, despoiled and violated by hordes of Hunns is also subtly engraved in facial expression and delivery.

Still the Queen spoke also with great animation and hopefulness. She is inspired with a great passion to restore badly distracted Rumania, and confided to me that she proposes to build upon the greatest foundation of all—the moral and physical contentment of a whole people.

"PROUD I AM ENGLISH."

Queen Marie Says British Women Have Behaved Wonderfully.

She told me she was profoundly impressed with all that British women have done in the war—in the factory and in the field, in the hospital and in the zone of danger.

"Yes, I am proud of being an Englishwoman," she continued. "Very proud. No women have behaved more wonderfully throughout the whole world than English women."

In the far-off country from which I have come I always think that it is splendid that it is to be an Englishman. I reflect that I may be regarded—as indeed I do regard myself—as one of the outposts, one of the representatives of all that the best in the Englishman stands for.

"Englishwomen have done well not only for England but for Rumania. I am thankful for what they have done and sensible of its great usefulness."

"Englishwomen have done wonderfully, not only for themselves, for their own country, but for the rest of the world. I consider what they have done is an example and a model to my own people. I trust that the women of Rumania will look to them and their efforts as an inspiration and a guide."

A WELCOME SIGN.

Queen Marie is also impressed with the great advance made by women in this country. She is no reactionary, and has none of the reactionary spirit. To her the energy and spirit of the modern woman are a welcome sign.

"And who can speak too highly," she added, "of their generosity. May the healthy spirit of the Englishwoman be imitated elsewhere."

She is very confident that the position won by women in the forefront of affairs is no temporary success. And the great advance which this distinction represents Queen Marie largely attributes to the women of this country—a tribute which will be received with gratitude by the whole sex.

"Women all over the world have won a position to which it seemed hopeless to aspire a few years ago. And what the women have won they will keep by virtue of their capacity. They have advanced once and for all. There can be no turning back."

The conversation turned to the subject of Rumania's present distress—the product of the over-running of Rumania, the devastation of its towns and the cruelly lessened means of subsistence. I asked Queen Marie if Great Britain could be of any assistance.

HER HEART'S DESIRE.

Help That Rumanian People Need—Don't Be Too Late.

"Yes," replied Queen Marie with great earnestness. "Think how Rumania has suffered. We can do with many things. There is the health of the people to repair and stocks to replenish. And the matter is very urgent. Let it be in time is all I ask."

"Don't suggest that we are going to be 'too late' again," I interposed. "The words have an ominous ring in this country."

Queen Marie smiled. "We must have supplies in time," she emphasised. "It is easier to keep your house going if you keep it in good order. We have lost much that is wanted at once."

"Could you tell me if you have any special mission in this country?" I asked.

"Yes," replied Queen Marie swiftly. And, speaking with great enthusiasm, she proceeded: "There is one thing I am working for, one thing my heart is set upon. I am working for the

women and children of Rumania. That is my very special mission."

"How can we help—in money, goods?" "What I want," explained her Majesty, "is to establish dispensaries in the smaller villages. And medical skill—particularly for the women and children. If only I can get the money, I should like to establish something like your district nurses, with motor-cars, which would enable skilled attention being sent swiftly to any point where it was needed."

Commander Locker-Lampson, the leader of the famous armoured car detachment in the East who had joined us, intimated that he would head a subscription.

A NOBLE ASPIRATION.

Having heard this comforting news, Queen Marie went on to point out that beds and linen would be needed. Then she went on to say: "My legacy to Rumania when I am called will, I hope, be found in a healthy and happy people. That is my mission. That is part of my life's work."

A very noble aspiration embodied here, it will be conceded. The Queen of Rumania has laboured arduously during the war. She knows all that nursing the wounded and sick means, down to the smallest detail. She had a hospital of her own with a hundred patients. She faced the dreadful epidemics that swept Rumania with unfaltering courage, took all the risks and asked for nothing.

QUEEN WHO SUFFERED.

Why Her Majesty Makes An Irresistible Ambassador.

It was difficult to believe that Queen Marie had run risks daily from which the most courageous might have shrunk. But so it was, and one hopes that her appeal will fall on generous soil.

We turned to politics, and I found her Majesty full of optimism regarding the future of Rumania.

Despite all the ravages of the Germans the spirit of Rumania is undaunted. Food was wanted, and if given quickly the people would be happy indeed.

"And Bolshevism," I asked. "Is it making any headway?"

"I am not anxious about Bolshevism," replied her Majesty. "We will be able to stem it. But consider the position of Rumania, with

Look out for the best pictures of the Grand National in to-morrow's "Daily Mirror."

Bolshevism raging about it. Give us supplies and we need fear nothing."

The Queen is spoken of as a beautiful woman. She is undoubtedly generously dowered with great beauty and makes an irresistible ambassador in the cause of suffering. For she, too, has as I have said, suffered—in bereavement and with the shock of war, when the Germans raided the Queen's residence and bombed it with the ardour given to frightfulness.

EXCELLENTLY GOWNED.

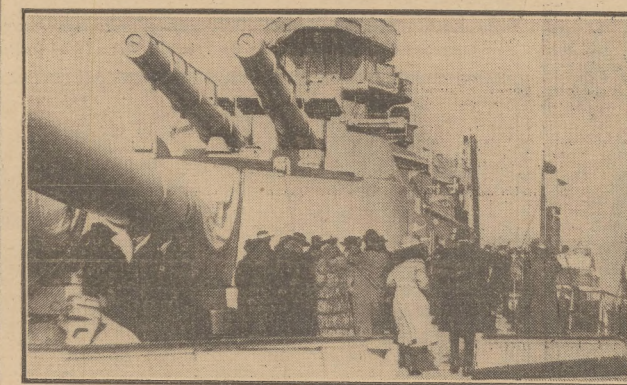
But she is abundantly energetic. Her wonderful eyes flash with enthusiasm when she speaks of the great work of succour still to be accomplished.

That she was exquisitely gowned is to say that her Majesty is still one of the best-dressed women in Europe. I have no doubt that her recital of Rumania's distresses would move a heart of stone. . . . I think, with all these gifts, that Queen Marie will succeed splendidly in her ambition to bring health and happiness to Rumania.

And to judge from her vigour and enthusiasm, there is no occasion to speak the dreaded and ominous word "legacy" yet.

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

[Queen Marie and her two daughters leave Victoria for Paris on Saturday soon after 1 p.m. Yesterday her Majesty received the British Red Cross Society's medal at the hands of Queen Alexandra.]



H.M.S. QUEEN ELIZABETH LYING IN THE MERSEY.—The flagship has arrived at Liverpool in connection with Admiral Sir David Beatty's visit. The public, it will be seen, were allowed on board.

MINISTER'S QUEST.

Mr. Churchill Seeks Man of Ninety-Two Earning £4 a Week.

REPLY TO SLOUGH CRITICS.

The Slough Motor Depot was much debated in the Commons last night, and Mr. Churchill made a spirited reply to the critics.

Mr. Churchill said it had not been decided whether to repair the 80,000 vehicles before sale. Experts and officers earnestly advised that the Government should get the profit of this repair in the sale price.

Mr. Churchill said he had spent a day looking for the man of ninety-two who was receiving £4 a week. (Laughter.) The best the contractors could do for him was a man of sixty-five, whom they took on on trade union representations. (Laughter.)

As to the crops destroyed, only two acres were involved, and the Government's idea of the cost of the land would greatly reassure the House. ("Hear, hear," exclaimed a member anticipatively.) "Only I am not going to say what it is," added Mr. Churchill, amid laughter.

The contractors were pushing on with their work with the greatest energy, and carrying out the Government's wishes.

The House followed the concluding part of the speech as an exercise in rollicking humour. Mr. Churchill said that for local depots in different parts of the country £45,000 per annum was paid for rent. An overwhelming case could be made out for a central store and repairing shops.

He should have liked to throw over this scheme. The motor trade would have said he was a statesman. Some newspapers would have said that he showed a proper spirit of economy and a man of action had been found at last.

EXCITEMENT IN SCHOOL.

How a "Dictator" Made a Whirlwind Appearance.

From Our Own Correspondent.

BATH, Thursday.

Interference with school instruction and discipline and assault on a headmaster was alleged at Trobridge to-day against Frank Smith, A.S.C.

It was stated that Smith, entering the boys' school, approached his brother, a scholar, and ordered him to be home by half-past four.

Next day he again entered the school, and finding his brother standing on a stool, ordered him to get down, created a disturbance and told the boys to be home by half-past four. He would do the same to him.

He swept books off desks and told the boys to go for a holiday. He was fined 40s.

274 MILES OF WAR RIBBON.

King's Statement at Surprise Visit to London School.

The King made an interesting statement in reference to the provision of ribbon for war medals yesterday during a surprise visit paid in conjunction with the Queen and Princess Mary to the L.C.C. Central School of Arts and Crafts in Southampton-row.

In order to provide the necessary length for each medal that was due, his Majesty said, the makers would have to turn out no fewer than 274 miles.

Their Majesties spent a considerable time in each department, chatting freely not only with the foremen, artists and teachers, but with the workmen, apprentices and students.

TO-DAY'S LUNCHEON TO BEAUTY QUEENS.

How Winners of Our Contest Will Be Chosen.

JUDGES' DIFFICULT TASK.

Britain's most beautiful women war workers will be chosen to-day at the Savoy Hotel.

The occasion will be a luncheon given by *The Daily Mirror* to some thirty "probable" prize-winners, who have been selected after a personal interview with nearly 200 entrants for *The Daily Mirror* £1,000 Beauty Competition for Women War Workers.

In all 60,000 photographs were sent in.

The committee will be present at this luncheon, and it will be their very delicate task to choose the four principal prize-winners from among the invited guests.

Although the final selection of the leading prize-winners of the competition is to be made to-day at the Savoy Hotel, the result will not be made known until the publication of the special Beauty Number of *The Daily Mirror* on April 5. The photographs of all prize-winners will, of course, be reproduced in this issue.

The copyright of all photographs of successful competitors is vested in *The Daily Mirror*.

The four leading beauties will be awarded the handsome cash prizes of £500, £100, £50 and £25, and will be entitled also to the week's free serial holiday in France, which *The Daily Mirror* will arrange for them soon after the present Government ban on civil flying is lifted.

In addition to the principal prizes quoted above there are twenty further prizes of £10 and twenty-five of £5 each.

"IN BEST POSSIBLE HANDS."

Well-Known Men and Women Who Will Decide the Great Question.

The judging is in the best possible hands, for the committee comprises well-known artists—Royal Academy painters, one of our leading sculptors and two famous stage beauties. They are—

Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, R.A., who studied at the Munich Academy and the Beaux Arts, Paris, and has worked in Italy, Spain and Morocco.

Mr. Charles Sims, R.A., R.A.S., R.W.S., is a regular exhibitor at the Royal Academy and a gold medalist of the International Art Exhibitions at Amsterdam and Pittsburg.

Major Richard Jack, A.R.A., won the National Scholarship to South Kensington. He won several medals, one at the Paris International Exhibition for portraiture. He has been a regular exhibitor at the Royal Academy, New Gallery, Pittsburg, Liverpool and Rome.

Mr. Bertram Mackennal, M.V.O., A.R.A., is the well-known sculptor, whose works include the War Memorial, Islington, statues of Queen Victoria for India and Australia, and the national memorial to Gainsborough.

Miss Anna Airy, R.I., is a member of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters and the Pastel Society. She has exhibited regularly at the Royal Academy.

Miss Lily Elsie (wife of Major Ian Bullough), the popular actress, whose beauty and charm won fame in "The Merry Widow," "The Dollar Princess," "A Wal'z Dream."

Miss Gladys Cooper's addition to the committee is also very popular. Miss Cooper is generally acknowledged as one of the most beautiful and most photographed of English actresses.

FATAL GUST OF WIND.

Fram Overturned and Baby Drowned Before Mother's Eyes.

From Our Own Correspondent.

SHEFFIELD, Thursday.

An extraordinary accident occurred in Sheffield this morning.

A Mrs. Ridley, of Staniford-road, was wheeling a perambulator containing her six months old baby along a road by the side of High Hazels dam, when a strong gust of wind overturned the perambulator.

The baby was thrown out, and to the mother's horror rolled into the dam. When recovered life was extinct.

WHERE THE SUN SHONE.

Sunshine records for health resorts yesterday included the following: Penzance, nine hours; Torquay, Falmouth, Ross-on-Wye, eight hours; Bournemouth, Llandudno, Weymouth, seven hours; Newquay, six hours.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

South-England. England.—Moderate or fresh N.W. winds; changeable, fair intervals, some showers, squally; rather cold.

Temp.
Barom.
Wind.

RAILWAYMEN ACCEPT—MINERS EARNED BY LEADERS

'BIG FOUR' CALL IN FOCH AND WEYGAND.

Peace Treaty Draft in Final Stages.

ANOTHER HUN WHINE.

Marshal Foch, General Weygand and three British Staff officers were in consultation with the "Big Four" yesterday afternoon.

Nothing has been announced as to the nature of the deliberations which called for military advice.

General Sir H. Wilson, General Pershing, and General Diaz also attended.

The four chiefs of State also held their customary morning session, and it was understood that last night the first reading of the text of the Peace Treaty was finished.

The second reading will then be proceeded with article by article.

The deliberations of the "Big Four" are held behind closed doors.

NO SERIOUS ALTERATIONS.

The League Covenant, says Reuter's special correspondent, has been altered here and there, but not seriously. The interest in the remaining amendments will be divided between Mr. Wilson's Monroe doctrine amendment—if such is moved—and the Japanese on the question of racial equality.

President Wilson has issued a formal statement that the discussions on the League of Nations have not in the slightest degree delayed the final formulation of peace.

The revised League Covenant is now practically finished, and the conferences of the League Commission have always been held at times which could not interfere with the deliberations on the other problems of peace.—Reuter.

SCHIEDMANN SQUEALS.

At Weimar Count Brockdorff Rantzau, the Foreign Minister, is in consultation with the Cabinet on questions in connection with the Peace negotiations.

Meanwhile Schiedmann, the Premier, has been squealing again. He talks of unprecedented sums being demanded, of the seizure by the Allies of large stretches of purely German territory, and of crushing financial and military demands.

"A cry of deepest despair, an appeal to the conscience of humanity is going up throughout Germany. She has learned nothing from Brest-Litovsk."

There will soon be telephonic communication between Paris and Berlin.—Wireless Press.

LOVE EPISODE OF 'CÆSAR'S WIFE' AT ROYALTY.

New Play Should Prove To Be Another Maugham Success.

Imagine a British Pro-Consul (somewhat of the strong, silent man type and middle-aged) married to a beautiful young wife. Imagine that the scene is Egypt with a tasteful background. Imagine that the middle-aged Pro-Consul (Mr. C. Aubrey Smith) has a very attractive young man as his secretary (Mr. George Relph).

Now, the beautiful young wife (Miss Fay Compton) and the secretary are much together. Suddenly the Pro-Consul learns that his secretary has been ordered from Egypt to Paris. In the shock of this announcement the wife of the Pro-Consul—or is it Caesar—discovers that she loves the man who is going out of her life.

But he is going utterly away and, touched by the emotions that inspire eternal farewells, she confesses her love. The two kiss and say goodbye.

Then it is they learn that at the last moment the Pro-Consul has appointed his wife's confessed lover to be the Khedive's secretary.

So there will be no parting, and the two young people, who have confessed to loving each other, will remain in each other's society.

That was the problem set by Mr. W. Somerset Maugham at the Royalty Theatre last night. It is conceived very deftly and told very suavely.

Miss Fay Compton gave a wonderful performance as the wife—a performance marking a still further advance in her art.

Mr. C. Aubrey Smith made a perfect picture of the husband.

"Caesar's Wife" should be another Maugham success.

THE LORDS INSIST.

The Lords have decided in the Rents Bill to insist on an amendment providing that if the rateable value of a house exceed the standard rent the rateable value should be deemed the standard rent, and to insist on the amendment extending the scope of the Act to the letting of unfurnished rooms.

War Against Hungary Begun?—2 Rumanian Armies Advancing—The Frontier Crossed.

AN ALLIED MISSION—GENERAL MANGIN'S POST

The Labour Crisis.—The railwaymen have accepted the Government's offer. The miners' leaders urge the men to do the same, pointing out that a false step might wreck their organisation. There were over 100,000 miners out on unofficial strikes yesterday.

A New War?—French newspapers state that General Mangin, Commander of the French Armies occupying Mayence, is to be charged with a special mission to deal with the situation in Hungary. Rumanians are said to have crossed into East Galicia and Hungary.

"ALLIES MUST RID EUROPE OF RED LEPROSY."

M. Pichon: "Bar the Way to Bolshevism."

The Rumanians have begun an advance into Hungary. In the Commons yesterday Mr. Cecil Harmsworth said that the Rumanian Army had crossed to the north of the River Maros (which flows through Transylvania into Hungary).

Rumanian forces to the strength of two army corps (says Reuter's Berlin correspondent) have crossed the East Galician frontier and are advancing.

This news, which is from Stanislaus, is telegraphed from Cracow to the *National Zeitung*.

It should be noted that in the above report, which comes via Berlin, no indication is given of the possible objective of a Rumanian advance. It is certain that the Rumanians would not move except with the full concurrence of the Allies.

General Mangin, according to the *Gaulois*, is about to be given a very important post in the East, presumably in the Balkans, with a view to possible operations both on the Hungarian frontier, and in the south-west of Russia.

So far as the immediate situation in Hungary is concerned, *The Daily Mirror* learns that there has been no military development, and that at the moment there is no cause for anxiety.

It is confirmed that all the Allied missions at Budapest, except the French, have been released. The French Government is taking firm steps.

GALICIA JOINS BOLSHEVISTS.

According to a Vienna report, Trotsky has telegraphed stating that the whole of Galicia had entered the revolutionary movement. The revolution was commenced in the oil districts near Drohobyz, where a Soviet Government was established. Troops sent out by the Polish Government joined the movement.

Budapest telegrams state that Count Karolyi, a monarchical leader, has been arrested. It is supposed that he is not the President Count Karolyi, but a younger brother.—Exchange.

D'ESPEREY AT ODESSA.

Bolshevist Advance Continues—Now Forty Miles from City.

General Franchet d'Esperey has gone to Odessa in order to meet any eventualities that may arise.

It is learned that the situation there has improved, and that although the Bolshevists are still advancing on the city, and according to the latest reports are forty miles distant, it is thought probable that General Anselme, the Allied commander, will be able to defend the city successfully.

Crosses Forbidden.—Lenin has issued a decree forbidding religious ceremonies at funerals and the erection of crosses on graves.—Wireless Press.

Lenin as the Anti-Christ.—The Petrograd *Truth* (sic) announces that the inhabitants of the Solovychegodsk district (in the north of the Volga province) think that the era of anti-Christ is approaching, and say that Lenin and Max (Karl Marx), the anti-Christ, have come to Russia to seduce people and to prepare a Gehenna of fire.

For North Russia.—The Admiralty announce that bosuns, A.B.s, motor mechanics, firemen and crews (including officers) for six motor-launches are required for service in North Russia.

WAR ON "RED" LEPROSY.

Way Must Be Barred to Bolshevism, Declares M. Pichon.

"Bolshevism is a plague, not only for Russia but for humanity."

"Bolshevism is not a Government; it is the organisation of anarchy by terror."

So declared the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. Pichon, in the course of an impor-

ALLIES "IN THE EAST."

In his speech in the Chamber on Allied policy in Russia, M. Pichon gave the following strength of the Allied forces "in the East":—

British	140,000
French	140,000
Italians	40,000
Rumanians	190,000
Serbians	140,000
Greeks	200,000

tant statement in the Chamber on the Russian problem.

"If we do not act," he continued, "the day that Russia wakes up again will find her allied with Germany."

"The Allies did not declare war against Russia, but against the pestilence that was burning her up. If given support, Russia will get rid of this leprosy that threatens civilisation."

It is for the Conference to decide what the solution will be, but the Allies will come to an understanding to bar the way to Bolshevism.

Berlin and Budapest.—The Berlin Workmen's Council at a meeting on Wednesday decided by a big majority to send a telegram of congratulation to the new Hungarian Government, expressing admiration for the Hungarian proletariat and promising it support.

One speaker declared that the German proletariat must now act as in Russia, introducing the Soviet system and giving the whole power to the people.—Exchange Copenhagen correspondent.

Easy Marriages.—The Budapest Official Bureau sends out a long statement extolling the legislative accomplishments of the revolutionary Government, mentioning a decree that a man and woman who have lived together for at least a year can have their cohabitation declared a legal marriage by a registrar irrespective of any hindrances to the marriage.

Melodrama.—Hungary is starting a red army, and its latest melodramatic statement is that a "revolutionary tribunal" may be opened at any time, and held anywhere, even under the open sky.—Wireless Press.

Raab has been entered by Italian troops, says Vienna.—Central News.

KINNEL PARK RIOT LED BY A RUSSIAN.

"Foreigners to Blame"—Towel Flag After Whisky Orgy.

The Plintshire corner, Mr. F. Llewellyn Jones, continued his inquiry at Rhyl yesterday into the death of two Canadian soldiers during the rioting at Kinnel Park Camp three weeks ago.

Three of the men appear to have died from gunshot wounds, two from bayonet wounds.

Major Ernest Victor Collier, D.S.O., said the ringleaders numbered about fifty or sixty.

"They were led," added the major, "by a Russian."

"I think the foreign element was undoubtedly to blame in getting some of our worst characters to join in with them in the trouble."

Asked whether the rioters were under the influence of drink, witness said that undoubtedly some were. Three prisoners taken to his guard-room were drunk.

Lieutenant E. Willie said the defending party obtained ammunition from somewhere and returned the fire of the attackers. Later a man came from the attacking side, waving a white towel.

Captain Edward Douglas Scott said that a few of the rioters were captured. Each had a bottle of whisky and was intoxicated. He saw the defenders driving back the rioters with club and bayonet. He considered the trouble was due more to the Russian element than to drinking.

Sergeant Roberts said that he saw one of the rioters come from behind a building, drop on one knee, take deliberate aim and fire.

The second time the man fired he saw Gillon fall. Efforts to establish the identity of men who fired the fatal shots failed. The jury returned an open verdict.

UNOFFICIAL STRIKE OF 100,000 MINERS.

Miners' Leaders Urge Men to Accept Settlement.

RAILWAY PEACE.

How Mr. Thomas Won Fight of His Life.

Though the railway crisis is over, the unofficial strike of miners is spreading in South Wales, the Midlands and Yorkshire. Over 100,000 miners are out.

After seven and a half hours' discussion at Unity House yesterday the railwaymen decided by a majority to accept the settlement, subject to satisfaction on outstanding points. The strike resolution was rescinded.

For hours the advanced elements opposed a settlement, and the conference decision was a triumph for Mr. Thomas.

The Miners' Federation Executive, in an appeal to the miners, say:

"The choice is between definite and systematic progress and the dangers of social disorder."

A false step now might not only wreck our federation, but would also spoil our chances of making any further progress through the medium of the Coal Commission.

"We strongly urge the men to continue working until otherwise instructed, and to accept the terms already offered by the Government, leaving it to the justice of our claims and the power of our organisation to accomplish in the future that which we have in view."

WHERE MADNESS LIES.

Danger of Any Sectional or Spasmodic Strikes.

When at last Mr. Thomas had won his point he left the chamber with a smile of triumph. After informing *The Daily Mirror* of the result he said: "The issue to-day was acceptance of a strike to-morrow night. That I am satisfied with the decision it is hardly necessary to say."

"The public have very little notion how near the whole thing has been. All I can say is that I hope the railwaymen will accept the decision of their own elected delegates, and recognise that it would be sheer madness for them by any sectional or spasmodic strike to try to alter the position."

"The decision has been arrived at in a democratic way, and whilst it has been a strenuous and indeed a dangerous time, no one is more thankful of the end than myself."

MINERS' STRIKE SPREADS.

Situation in Wales Worse—Five English Counties Affected.

A disquieting feature of the Labour situation yesterday was the extension of the unauthorised strike of miners in South Wales. Yesterday the number had grown to over 100,000.

Isolated strikes were also reported from other parts of the country:—

Yorkshire (Pontefract), 1,500 out.
Derbyshire (Chesterfield), 8,500 out at six pits.
Staffordshire, 2,000.
Warwickshire, 8,000.
Sheffield area, 20,000.
Notts, 21,100 are in favour of remaining on strike, and 15,250 are in favour of resumption.

According to some reports it is expected that the unofficial strikes will not be of long duration.

The miners are striking with the object of obtaining their full demands, despite the fact that the Miners' Federation have decided, subject to a ballot, to accept the Government's offer.

Rhonda teachers' strike has been settled.

COMMONS AND PAPER.

Sir Auckland Geddes, answering criticisms about imports in the Commons last night, said the decision to remove restrictions on paper was taken to let industries depending on paper get under way.

What had been done constituted the greatest public advantage. To abandon all restrictions would bring in what we did not want.

The pledge would be fulfilled to protect key industries and wage-earners against dumping.

DE VALERA IN DUBLIN.

De Valera paid a formal and brief visit to the Lord Mayor of Dublin yesterday. No demonstration took place.

TEA

As we have
No Higher Price

HOME & COLONIAL

2/4 BLEND

contains

The Finest Teas
obtainable

HOME & COLONIAL

STORES LIMITED

Branches Everywhere



"On top every time."

Sheffield.

"You may be interested to know the result of an experiment which my wife and I have just concluded.

"During the past eighteen months or so we have systematically tried every cocoa on the market with a view to discovering for ourselves which is the best, and I feel bound to tell you that judging not by flavour only but for its refreshing and sustaining value, Rowntree's came out on top every time."—Mr. A. J. C.

There are many
Cocoas not so
good as

Rowntree's
Elect Cocoa



A NEW DISH FOR BREAKFAST.

Now that eggs are so dear try delicious "Jack Tar" Pilchards for breakfast. "They are very nourishing and give you a good start for the day. The natural oil of the fish supplements the scarce butter ration and feeds the nerves." "Jack Tar" Pilchards are packed in the autumn, when the fish is at its best. The patent non-soldered tins retain the delicious flavour of the fish and the tomato sauce.

Sold in small and
large round
and oval cans.

Guaranteed by
Angus Watson & Co.
Newcastle-on-Tyne.

**'JACK TAR'
PILCHARDS**

A PAIR OF KID GLOVES FREE.—Send us the name of a grocer who does NOT Stock "Jack Tar" Pilchards. We will send post free to the first six applicants whose letters are opened each morning from the 1st February to the 30th April, a pair of Ladies' kid gloves to the value of 5/6 (state size and colour when writing). Angus Watson & Co., Dept. G, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 1919.

THE ONLY WAY MONEY CAN BE GOT.

MOST of the good advice that is now being showered on the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in view of the coming Budget, seems to repose on the fallacy that he has only to put out his hand to find and to take various vast sources of untapped wealth still lurking in the country.

The truth is that the wealth needed to make up this new huge Budget has ultimately to be created. It cannot just be seized. And that is because, mainly, it doesn't exist. It has been spent, blown away, used up in shells and bombs.

All these hopes of a vast revenue, to be obtained by seizing all profits over a certain percentage, or by "lifting" the fictitious enhanced value of post-war property, or by levying a sudden toll upon vanished incomes are certain to produce nothing economically sound. There is no real wealth behind most of these apparent increments. The real wealth can only be produced over a term of years, and (very briefly let us put it) in two ways.

(1) By peace.
By peace, a just peace, abroad. By peace with understanding at home. By no war abroad, on the plea of making the world go the way we want it to go. By no war at home, on the plea of striking haphazard all over the place, in order to force our views of social and industrial reform on the community.

This peace we mean will be the only way to reduce prices.

And to reduce prices will be the only way to raise incomes. Paying higher wages won't raise incomes. Prices fallow wages in a circle. But if we get prices down, say even to 30 per cent. above the 1914 level, we shall help to establish peace at home; then productivity; thus communal wealth.

That is the first way.

(2) The other way is, for Government and people, to save.

Government to set the example. People to follow. Avoid departmental orgies. Get rid of the parasite departments (Press Bureau and the rest) without delay. Restore the army of non-producers to fruitful work. And, meanwhile, keep up the saving crusade amongst the people. Turn our War Savings Committees into Peace Savings Committees.

By no other means in the end can the National Finance be fitted to bear the burden of the biggest war the nation has ever fought and won.

"PEACE WITH LABOUR."

THE crisis of this week may be on the way to settlement by the time these lines appear . . . Settlement this week—perhaps.

But next week and next time? How to get permanent peace at home?

To that, the coming Industrial Conference will address itself. For the moment, let us only say that the recommendations of the Joint Committee published yesterday, and to be put before the Conference, as a sort of basis for argument and action, can only be preliminaries to a much more radical solution of the whole industrial problem.

Trade Boards we have had. Whitley Councils we are getting. These further suggestions point only to a further series of little Councils, Parliaments, and Boards—in other words, to new machinery for knocking the heads of Labour and Capital together.

Sparks may emerge from this contact. But they must be sparks of generous inspiration for deep solutions on communal lines. The mere knocking together of heads will not do if we are to get beyond Labour and Capital, that old-opposition, that old irreconcilable division.

MANAGING MANNERS IN THE NEW WOMAN

DO MEN LIKE GIRLS WHO TRY TO "BOSS" THEM?

By JOAN KENNEDY.

JIMMY happens to be one of those warriors who left home in the early days of the war and never knew leave.

In consequence his impressions of home are worth recording. He sees all at once what we have been growing accustomed to gradually.

Especially does he see our women with new eyes.

Jimmy is a gallant lad, in spite of long, lean years of trial. But even Jimmy grumbles.

His latest grumble is about the "managing manners" of the womankind of 1919. To hear Jimmy one would imagine that woman had done nothing but conjugate the verb "to boss" for the last four years.

He declares that most women have grown

a firm and unfeminine form of kindness. "The best thing to do," she begins, and I know it will be no good saying anything. What I say will be heard tolerantly—and ignored. "You aren't practical," she had the cheek to say to me the other day; "you've no business experience." I was to conclude that she is a business woman.

But is that any reason why I shouldn't know what theatre I want to go to. Because Anna is a business woman, must I not be allowed to frequent my favourite Soho restaurant? Business evidently doesn't even yet mean logic—in women!

MUCH TOO COMPETENT!

Is it the result of her war work in a certain Ministry where she superintended a crowd of girl clerks, had messengers to run to her at the tinkle of her bell, and generally reigned as a small queen in her own right?

Women certainly have had a lot of "bossing" to do during the war years, from the nurse who reigned as martinet in her ward and made weakened warriors obey the movement of her finger to the conductress who

WHAT THE PLAIN MAN CANNOT UNDERSTAND.



Why he cannot get any work done, while he is told there are a million out of work. (By W. K. Haselden.)

so used to controlling something in the way of war work that they cannot help themselves. They have acquired "managing manners," and Jimmy is spending his days looking for a girl with "nerves," who cannot say "Boo!" to a goose, and who can still blush and appear, as he terms it, adorably feminine.

But is he right? Have women of 1919 these "managing manners"?

I have been looking round, studying bus conductresses and lady bobbies, manageresses of this and superintendents of that. And I have almost come to agree with Jimmy.

Women have taken up rather a domineering attitude. They exude competence and self-reliance, and a good many do seem to want to "boss" other people.

There's Anna, who used to be rather wavering about making up her own mind. "We'll do this, or we'll do that," is her way of expressing herself nowadays, and she almost forgets to ask if I agree. In fact, Anna bosses me into going to the play she wants to see, dining at the restaurant she favours, and gets her own way about most things when we are together.

It is all meant kindly, of course. But it is

"passed us along" or kept us standing in the rain when her bus was full.

Girls have controlled so many things, from motors to pigs, and there's little doubt but that a good many have acquired "managing manners."

Jimmy has only one thing to say about it all. He emphatically declares that he won't marry a "bossy" girl.

I don't think he will.

But also I don't by any means admit that Jimmy won't end by being "bossed."

It will be done another way—the old way—the ancient feminine way. It will be done by kindness.

My good gallant friend will be persuaded, not coerced. He will not be ordered directly. He will be prompted gently. I can see him yielding without knowing. It is only the direct order that he dreads.

And it is the manner with which the order is given.

At present this manner is highly "technical" and dreadfully competent.

It frightens men. It must come to be again in peace what it was before the war. A little less ordering about, please!

BUDGET WEEKS.

HOW CAN WE RAISE THE HUGE REVENUE WE NEED?

A TAX OR A WIFE?

I QUITE endorse the remarks of "Happy Bachelor" that marriage to the poor average clerk is a very unprofitable investment.

It is a well-known fact that the down-trodden clerk with the present rate of wages is not in a position to marry, and I trust if ever bachelors do happen to be taxed that the poor-paid clerk will be made an exception to the rule.

Newcastle. A "POOR CLERK."

A SMALL PROPOSITION.

STILL another suggestion for raising revenue. Why not compel all owners of bicycles and tricycles to obtain licences and renew them every year at the cost of a few shillings? I would make no distinction whether the bicycles are used for business or pleasure.

Each bicycle or tricycle would display a small metal plate at the back of it with a number on. This might do much to prevent robberies. In the case of accidents, the rider would have to produce his licence and the police-constable might then get the right name of the person.

B. E.

RIISING RATES.

WITH regard to new sources of revenue, and less needless expenditure, may I draw attention to the recklessness of local authorities, which has been for many years increasing to an extent that would have soon brought any business enterprise to bankruptcy?

When my father had the house built in which I was born the rates were 3s. in the £. Within my recollection they were 4s.

Now they are 8s. 9d.; and this has been near the figure for years before the war.

Compulsory reduction of expenditure of other people's money by local authorities should be insisted on by the Government.

C. S.

PEACE DAY.

AS your correspondent "Silver Badger" remarks (and I myself, being a discharged soldier, can fully agree), the best way of celebrating the signing of peace is in thankfulness that all the terrible slaughter of our splendid lads is now over, and to pay our silent tributes to the splendid dust of those who have fallen in defence of our beloved country.

Had some of these munition workers and Army dodgers seen some of our splendid lads dying and falling for them, they would feel like offering prayers instead of lighting bonfires, etc., on "Peace Day."

Swindon. ANOTHER OVERSEAS SOLDIER.

REFORM OF AFTERNOON TEA.

MY sympathies are entirely with Mr. James Clifford. Perhaps he may like to know how I treat my guests when they come to tea.

In the first place, I always take care that there are plenty of real, solid, big easy chairs for them.

Then, the instant they sit down I say, "Please smoke, won't you?"

When tea appears, I remark smilingly, "I am going to treat you in an unconventional way, and give you tea in a sensible cup," and I hand them a large coffee-cup.

By this time the visitors are quite at their ease.

A MODERN OLD MAID.

THE MEANING OF DREAMS.

IT is clear that "Futurity" does not yet understand the relation of the "conscious" and the "subconscious"—and the fact that the control by the conscious over the sub-conscious is the vital problem of life.

This control established, the dreams are also controlled—as was the case of Robert Louis Stevenson, who dreamed what he wanted to dream.

BARTON SCAMMELL.

A CHILD'S CINEMA?

THERE is a real need for cinema exhibitions for children on one or two afternoons during the week.

I should much like to see all the well-known fairy tales depicted, and, in addition, stories like "Peter Pan," by J. M. Barrie; "The Magic Jajubes," by Theodora W. Wilson; "The Children of the New Forest," by Captain Marryat; "Alice in Wonderland," by Lewis Carroll; "The Young Pretenders," by Edith Henrietta Fowler; "The Cuckoo Clock," by Mrs. Molesworth, etc., etc.

I feel sure that such entertainments would give as much pleasure to grown-ups as to those for whom they would be specially intended.

E. TINDALL HARRIS.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 27.—Early potatoes that have not been sprouted can now be planted during a dry spell of weather. Sprouted tubers, since their shoots will soon appear above the ground, should not be set out for a week or two, unless the growths can be protected from the frost in some way.

Keep sowing peas at intervals so as to obtain a succession. Let the rows be a fair distance apart; it is a good plan to grow lettuces, radishes, etc., between the rows. If, apart, and plant out onion sets and plants raised in the autumn. Remember that the ground for this vegetable can scarcely be too rich.

E. F. T.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and silliness against Nature not to go out and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth.—Milton.

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WHY WE TAKE OUR HOLIDAYS ABROAD.

THE INADEQUACY OF OUR COUNTRY HOTELS.

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

At this time, when people are planning the first peace holidays, this article discusses the lack of accommodation in our countryside.

IN the years before the war people were heard to complain that although the British countryside is of rare beauty and charm our holiday-makers would insist upon going in their thousands to foreign countries.

As one who knows the greater part of Europe fairly well I ask for nothing better than an English holiday, but the fact remains that the pre-war travellers had much to justify them.

They had value for their money. In rural England this is hard to come by. Country hotels are of three kinds. The first is palatial. It has a very large dining room with a severe head waiter and head waitress, and a large staff that tends to be haughty.

Breakfast, lunch and dinner are table-d'hôte meals, the menus are not infrequently written in what is supposed to be French, though it does not need a very critical eye to detect several mis-spellings on every card. Portions are infinitesimal, and the cookery is second-rate.

Worse than the food is the wine, worse than the wine, the coffee. Prices are as staggering as the pretentiousness that envelops the whole establishment.

THE WAYSIDE INN.

The second kind of country hotel is lower in price and does not maltreat the French language, the cooking is eminently primitive and, frankly, bad, and in the matter of charges the stray visitor is deemed fair prey.

Third on the list comes the little, unpretentious place very often a temperance house, that caters for the commercial traveller. He is always on the road and he demands good food at reasonable prices. On his account the small house not only exists but thrives.

Food is of the simplest, but it is decently cooked, it is ample and the price charged bears some relation to the value given. Visitors are sociable, and do not talk as though they were the salt of the earth when they condescend to utter commonplaces.

Outside the country towns we come to the wayside inns, and they are perhaps the most backward in Europe.

The retired policeman, coachman, game-keeper, or small tradesman takes these places, not to entertain his fellow men at a fair price but to sell beer.

Ask for a meal when you reach one of these places, perhaps a picturesque inn set amid lovely surroundings, a feast to the eye. There follows a colloquy between the master and his better half. You are lucky indeed if as a result of it bread and butter, cheese and ale are forthcoming.

Naturally, there are exceptions to this general rule. I know of one or two in half a dozen counties, but lack of decent accommodation, simple food and pleasant welcome must be noted as the rule. How different from the old-time England we read about.

ENTERPRISE WANTED.

So the motorist checks his car on the highway and eats the lunch he has brought with him; the cyclist sits on the stile and does the same; the pedestrian carries a meal in his pack.

The innkeeper will tell you he can't be bothered, or that his wife can't cook, or that trade is too uncertain. So the traveller passes on unfreshed and the man who should have catered for his simple wants wonders why the living he earns is so scanty.

If he could see how Continental brethren contrive to keep busy and draw good custom through the medium of what every well-pleased traveller says to his friends, he might depart from the error of his ways.

There was some excuse for the innkeeper during the war although his indifference to the possibilities of his house is of longer standing; but in the years before us, with food growing more plentiful and the area of leisure extending, he ought to make some effort to respond to his chances.

The Saturday half-holiday, the Sunday in the open-air are likely to be more firmly established than ever. The summer-time hours make a grant of daylight to those who seek exercise when the day's work is done.

Why should not the chance traveller know that he can find a fair meal and welcome wherever he may happen to stray?

While the English countryside refuses deliberately to be hospitable, can we wonder if the urban dweller learns to suspect it and to plan his holidays abroad? S. L. B.

LACE MAKING FOR DISABLED SOLDIERS.

ONE USEFUL WAY OF REVIVING A BEAUTIFUL INDUSTRY.

By HOWEL EVANS.

FROM time to time there have been attempts to revive the industry of hand-made lace in this country.

I can remember so well, as a boy, seeing the cottage women sitting at their doors in the summer with their large pillows on a stool.

The bobbins flying in and out of the pins at a marvellous speed fascinated my young eyes.

I went down that village street a few months ago and asked if there were any lace-makers. Not one. The industry seemed to have died out altogether.

Of course, pillow lace is still made in Northamptonshire, which at one time was famed for its product. Valiant efforts have been made to bring it into the vogue of the market, but I don't believe there is very much of it to be bought.

It is certainly a long and, perhaps, tedious occupation to work at for a living.

A woman could not make a living on the proceeds of her pillow work, and nowadays I suppose the few shillings from the sale of the lace, which were such a great consideration to the agricultural labourer's household trying to live on 12s. or 15s. a week, are not such a matter of dire necessity.

There was money to be made out of lace, but never by the worker. It was the middle-man who reaped the rewards.

I remember well in my county an astute working man who took to dealing in lace, and within a comparatively short time had amassed a small fortune.

Working people even in the country are shrewder now than they were, and they are not going to turn out profits for other people, themselves receiving only scanty pay.

So, I do not think hand-made lace could ever be ranked as a very good pecuniary proposition. But I do think it could be made useful and productive to disabled or partially disabled soldiers, who are unfitted to undertake more than the slightest physical work of any kind.

There are some men for whom the occupation would be the very thing. *It would be something to do.* It would be productive too.

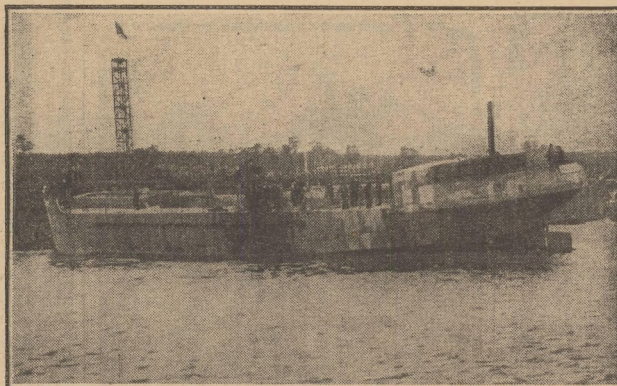
A disabled man would feel that he was doing work of some kind, that he was going to get paid for it too, and his mind would be easier, healthier.

And it certainly is a fascinating occupation. I know of a woman, bed-ridden, who has taken up lace work. She is making beautiful lace and actually inventing new patterns.

There is another point in favour of lace making for disabled men—it would not sweat anybody. That is always the difficultly with work that is not too well paid.

Just a few hours' work a week—possibly all that he could do—would be to many a man something to look forward to, something to interest him.

Would men think it effeminate? I don't think so. Sailors knit and make clothes, and they are not thought effeminate. H. E.



NO MORE CONCRETE SHIPS.—Thus said the Government after the first ferro-concrete barge broke her back after being launched. She became a total wreck.

WOMAN'S IGNORANCE OF BUSINESS AFFAIRS.

SCHOOLS NEEDED TO TEACH ELEMENTARY FINANCE.

By MARY BINSTAD.

WITH the coming of a world war British women, putting their shoulders to the wheel, set about taking their country very seriously. In return a grateful England took its womenkind so seriously that for the first time in its history a share in its government has been accorded them.

From whom such is given much is invariably required, and if womenkind in future are to share in legislation they should, for their own as well as their country's sake, know more about its inner workings, economic and financial.

It is a fact that thousands of women to-day in possession of a vote know nothing whatever about business or finance.

A friend, the well-to-do mother of four children, laughed in my face the other day when I mentioned something about "writing a cheque."

"I shouldn't know how to do it," said she. "I know nothing about business. I haven't got a cheque book. My husband sees to all money matters."

I didn't say what I thought—namely, that husbands sometimes die, and that I have known cases of wives having to learn, amid tears and tribulation, the elementary business which was neglected in happier days.

The example I have just quoted represents a large class of women who neither know nor desire to know the simplest matters pertaining to £ s. d.

Those people are the easy prey of the con-

pany promoter. Not for them is the peaceful security of three or four or even War Loan five per cent. stock. For most women are keen bargain-hunters, only with this difference.

While when setting forth for the sales ninety-nine out of a hundred have a keen knowledge and perception of the quality and value of silks and satins, only one out of ninety-nine embarking upon financial bargain-hunting, commonly known as speculation, displays the slightest knowledge of stocks and shares.

I have in my mind a case amusing, if a little pathetic. A woman I know, the fortunate possessor of a couple of hundred pounds, made the triumphant announcement the other day that she intended to put it into a rubber company paying 35 per cent.

There was a business man present who shattered her dreams of wealth by explaining that, at present prices, her money placed in that company would bring in little over 6 per cent., and that the lucky recipients of 35 per cent. were the original shareholders.

"Don't you suppose," exclaimed that business man crustily, "that it money were to be made as easily as all that we shouldn't all take advantage of it?"

And when she retired, greatly chastened, he continued: "Why can't women be taught something of the A B C of money matters? Are there no classes for elementary business and finance? If not, there ought to be."

There are thousands more women than men in this country to-day, and most of them will have to fend for themselves. For goodness' sake let them be taught and taught quickly how to make and how to keep money as well as how to spend it. M. B.

PLAIN LANGUAGE FOR PLAIN PEOPLE.

SHALL WE EVER FORGET TO "TALK IN MILLIONS."

By OUR LABOUR CORRESPONDENT

In this article the need to "get back" to homely talk and thought is emphasised.

ONE result of the war is the unfortunate habit affecting all classes of the community of talking in millions. People are muttering and mumbling—I will not say *thinking*—in millions, and the result is utter confusion of thought.

To the working or middle-class man or woman a million pounds means nothing more than an extravagant expression of vastness—something without limit—and nothing is more unwholesome economically than for a wage-earner in receipt of four or five pounds a week to attempt to regulate his weekly budget with the word "million" hammering in his brain.

To the worker you may say: "This increase you ask for will cost the country £20,000,000 a year more."

And the worker is actually not a scrap the wiser. That quaint colloquialism "ump-teen" means just as much to him.

Big propositions such as those facing the country at the present time can and must be expressed in simple, homely terms, for assuredly labour unrest will not be cured until the workers *understand* the facts governing that unrest.

At present only those who lead united labour understand. That is not sufficient.

THE HARD UP STATE.

Every man knows the meaning of the expression "hard up."

When he finds himself "hard up," what does he do?

He does one of two things. He either cuts down his expenses or he earns more money.

If his expenses are already at the lowest figure possible he must adopt the alternative to save himself from disaster—which in private life means losing his house or his furniture, or whatever else he possesses.

To earn more money he must either do more work or sell that work which he does already at a higher figure.

There is no other way.

But in trying to fix a higher figure for his work he must be careful not to raise the price so high that he will drive away custom.

That is essential. Now, the State has been spending on the war more money than it could afford. The result is that the State is "hard up."

The State—like the individual above quoted—being "hard up" must earn more money, i.e., either do more work or sell the work it already does at a higher price. Or it must cut down its outgoings.

To earn more money it must work harder at producing, firstly, goods to sell abroad and secondly, food and goods to consume at home.

The latter is a means of cutting down expenses, because if we grow our own food and make our own goods we do not have to spend money abroad buying them, and the money therefore remains in this country.

TELL HIM THE TRUTH.

The former is a means of increasing our wealth—earning more—because when we manufacture goods and sell them abroad we get in exchange more wealth, which comes into the country and is added to our store.

It must be remembered that trade between individuals in this country does not help the State in the same way.

A is a butcher and B a baker. If A sells meat to B, A takes B's money. A, however, buys bread from B and back goes the money to B.

Things are flourishing for A and B, but the State, apart from taxing them both, has "no look in" on their trade.

Such methods do not help the country to recover from its present financial position.

But supposing A and B are manufacturing motor-ploughs for export to South America, then they are selling their labour to a foreign country, which sends its money back to this country in exchange.

The wealth of the State benefits accordingly. Profiteering and some mismanagement of the country's affairs have made the worker angry—justifiably so.

But he knows that "two blacks do not make a white."

Tell him always the truth—in language we can all understand.

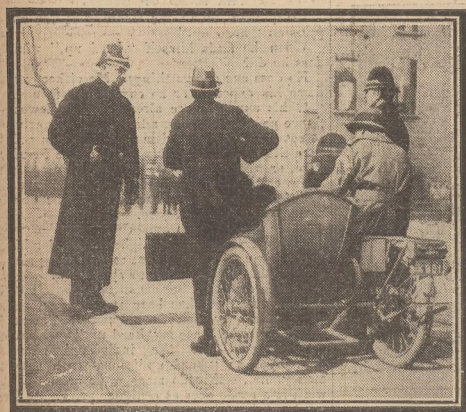
Then he will not make demands that are against the interest of his country.

Above all, let us think in pounds, shillings and pence and forget the millions. They will take care of themselves. A. B.

ON LOOK OUT FOR CONTRABAND.

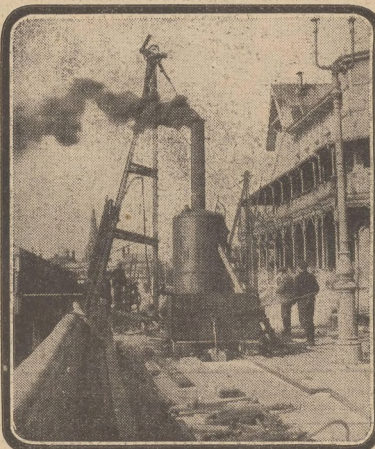


Motor "held up" at the spot where De Valera was to have been welcomed.



A motor-cyclist questioned. All was in order.

All cars entering Dublin were stopped at the various gates of the city and searched to see if they contained any arms. The drivers had to satisfy the police before they were allowed to proceed on their journey. Motors would be useful for smuggling.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



PREPARING FOR SUMMER HOLIDAYS.—A steam hammer driving piles on Lowestoft Pier. The East Coast resorts are hoping for a bumper season.

PORTRAITS OF INTEREST.



Mr. T. W. Armitage (Bradford) awarded the gold medal open to members of Yorkshire's Magicians' Society for the most original show.



Mr. E. T. MacDonald, Yarmouth's postmaster, who has retired. Never worried or bullied his staff in the tribute paid to him.

AIR BRUSHES FOR A



During April and May the R.A.F. will hold an exhibition of enlarged of the Services during the war. The photograph shows how ex-



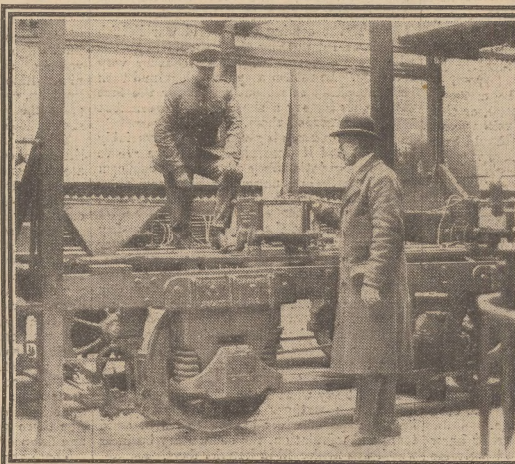
Captain Wallis Halford, R.A.F., whose Distinguished Flying Cross has just been gazetted. He won the decoration for great gallantry.



NEARLY FOUR YEARS IN PRISON.—Rat for thirty-six months (seated in the d... the murder



NURSES AS BRIDESMAIDS.—A pretty wedding took place at Coventry, when Nurse Ena Schulte was married to Lieutenant S. F. Temple (New Zealand Force). Nurses acted as bridesmaids.



A "REFRESHER" COURSE.—Instructor giving a demobilised sergeant a lesson in driving with the aid of a dummy tram. The men have to get their hands in before resuming their old positions.



HONEYMOON AEROPLANE.—The latest aeroplane, which has a comfortable on Ralph Thompson and his bride, Mi

STEP LADDERS PLACED?



Views of some skyscraper overlooking Trafalgar-square and the Admiralty building, on the floor of the studio where the wonderful enlarged photograph and the experts are seen treating one of the huge pictures with day at the Grafton Galleries.

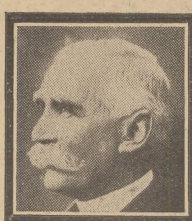


in, who has already been in prison in Paris, where he is charged with crimes are behind him.



can novelty is the honeymoon the happy pair. Here Lieutenant Bryce, are seen about to start.

IN THE NEWS TO-DAY.



Mr. H. Eliot Walton, known as "the racing lad's best friend." He founded much-appreciated recreation rooms for them at Newmarket.



Mme. Theodore Pilette, awarded the Croix de Guerre with silver star and a Belgian order for her nursing services in Flanders since 1914.

GAS ATTACK ON RODENT FRONT.



The attack. Pumping gas from a cylinder into one of the "dug-outs."



ONE FARTHING DAMAGES. — Lieutenant William Mark, defendant in a breach of promise case, with his sister outside the Law Courts yesterday. Inset plaintiff, Miss Dora Winter, awarded one farthing damages. (See news pages.)



No prisoners. Finishing off those who escape.

Successful experiments have been carried out by Captain Eden Richardson, who destroys rats with the same poison gas as was used in the war. Most of the vermin are killed underground, but those who escape into the open air are dazed by the fumes and are easily dealt with.



INVESTED BY KING.—Captain E. V. Kenealy, King's African Rifles, decorated with M.C. He was in the war from the first day.



Brother and sister. Lord Colne and Lady Catherine Fitzmaurice.



Lady Constance Leslie, the bride's grandmother, at the wedding. She is eighty-three years of age.



Bride and bridegroom. They were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

M.C. WEDS.—Lieutenant-Colonel A. James, M.C.; Hussars and R.A.F.; was married yesterday to Bridget, daughter of the late Mr. Murray Guthrie, M.P.

Children of Light

THE politics of the "Daily Herald" is Labour. But it will be more than a great Labour Daily.

Its promoters think that they are Children of Light, but they are also wise in their generation; and the "Daily Herald" will therefore be not only a first-class Labour newspaper, but a first-class newspaper of any sort.

It will give all the news of the movement; it will give all the news of the world.

The Labour Party is out to create a new life in England, which will not stop at altering the wages people earn and the houses in which they live, but will radically alter the conditions of art, sport and amusement so that they will no longer be a veneer upon the dirty walls of life, but grow out of its health and well-being.

The Labour Party has its own point of view towards all these interests, and they will have their place day by day in the "Daily Herald."

Listen, Newsagents! Everybody who is interested in the Labour movement, whether because he loves it or hates it, must read the "Daily Herald." Afterwards they will read it because they like it.

OUT NEXT MONDAY · PRICE ONE PENNY

EDITED BY GEORGE LANSBURY



the DAILY HERALD

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C.W.H.

PERSONAL.

END-Write Dads or Sybil; very important—Address "Daily Mirror" Office, 23, Bonville-st., London, E.C. 4.
OFFICERS' Second-hand Uniform, Mutt, Jewellery, Boots, Trunks, Underwear, Everything. World's largest second hand dealers. Wholesale, retail, buying, selling, Quitting. The best-known firm in the officers' second-hand trade—Goldman's Uniforms, Devonport.
SUPERFLUOUS Hair permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only—Miss Florence Wood, 29 Chancery-lane, Shepherd's Bush Green, W. 12.
BUCKINGHAMSHIRE Lace Handkerchiefs, 3s. 6d. each; 5 for 10s.; edging one inch deep, corners turned—Mrs. Armstrong, Lace Industry, Olney, Bucks.

MISSING SOLDIERS.

1st ROYAL WARWICKSHIRE REGT.—Pte. T. Thorne (Signaller), A Coy., 35419, missing Hinges, April 15, 1918. Information to his parents, College-road, Aston Clinton, Tring, Herts.
108566 PTE. WILLIAM MAISTER SARGINSON, 21st B.S. Battalion, missing March 23-24, 1918. Any information will be gratefully received by Mrs. Sarginson, 11, Fern Bank, Lancaster.
MISSING Soldier since August 25, 1918—A.B. W. H. Wills, R.2800, Anson Battalion, C Coy, 11th Platoon, R.E.F., France. Please write parents—W. Wills, Tetford House, Bury Tracer, Devon.
PTE. RAYMOND HUMMERSTONE 22274, 1st East Lancashire, "D" Coy., reported killed Oct. 4, 1917, at Ypres, acting ditcher bearer—New, gratefully received by his mother, 118, Chase-side, Enfield, Middx.
MISSING since March 21, 1918, Pte. S. Nichols, 41154, 1st North Staffs. Anyone knowing anything of the above said person, will they kindly communicate to Mr. F. F. Nichols at The Cottage, Hatheron, near Cannock, Staffs.
ANY information regarding 2nd Lt. W. P. Garner, of the 18th Welsh Regt., reported missing on April 9, 1918, at Fleurbaek, near Arras, would be gratefully received by his wife, Mrs. W. P. Garner, Boat Hotel, Earl's Barton, Northants.
FIRST Battalion Essex Regiment, Infantry Hill, Monchy-le-Preux, April 14, 1917. If any returning soldier can give definite information as to Captain (then Lieutenant) C. R. Brown, M.C., will he please write to Mr. C. F. Brown, 150, Bognor-road, Thornton Heath, Surrey?
RPM. JOHN MANDEVILLE PHILLIPS, Rifle Brigade, 7th Battalion, A Coy, 3rd Platoon, 26206, missing March 21, 1918 (84, Quintin). Any information from R.C. chaplain, stretcher-bearer, or comrade, most gratefully received by Mrs. Mandeville Phillips, 23, Edin-road, Clapham, S.W.
MISSING, 2nd Light, Leslie Campbell Storey, age 15, 209 Squadron, R.A.F., about 5ft. 6in., fair and still built. Last seen descending difficulties at the Antenn (tent well over the lines in Camel machine B 6369. May have lost memory. Any information will be appreciated by Langear, Bank House, 4, Lincold Village, Walsley, Cheshire.

SUNDAY PICTORIAL

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Growing All the Time

DURING the War, the Clarnico Lily Girl has been growing all the time. Here she is, older by nearly five years than when you last saw her.

The Lily Girl has been engaged on War Work, but is now once more beginning to make Chocolate Lily Caramels, the best chocolate sweetmeat ever devised.

While the Lily Girl has been growing older in war-enforced seclusion, the popularity of Clarnico Confectionery has been growing larger. So it will be some time yet before there will be enough to go round.

But look out for the Clarnico Lily Girl, the Ambassadors of

CLARNICO CHOCOLATE LILY CARAMELS

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GARDENING.

FRUIT Tree Collection.—2 Apples (Eating and Cooking), 1 Plum, 2 Gooseberries, 4 Currants, 12 Raspberries, 1 Loganberry; all lot, 5s. 9d.—G. F. Letts, Fruit Grower, 40, Hadleigh, Suffolk.

VERY Special.—Just delivered from the printers—A Special Seed and Fruit Tree and Plant List; enormous reductions; send for one at once, post free—G. F. Letts, Seed Grower, 40, Hadleigh, Suffolk.

SMITH'S Seed Collection, 4/6.—All at or above the Standard Seed Testing Order—1 pint Smith's Early Pea, 1 pint Second Early Marrow Pea, 1 pint of King of Marrow Pea, 1 pint of Beans; 10s. of each; Smith's Model Onion, Parsnip, Turnip, Beetroot, Radish, Cress, Carrot; one packet each of the following: Cabbage, Cauliflower, Celery, Broccoli, Brussels, Lettuce, Marrow, Parsley, Cucumber, Savoy; and given gratis, packet of Smith's Waved Sweet Peas. Carriage paid, 4s. 6d.—H. Smith and Co., Seedmen, Worcester.

10/6 WORTH SEEDS 4/-—YOUR POTATOES FOR NOTHING.—1 PINT First to Come Pea, 1 pt Glad Eye Pea, 1 pt Beans, 1 oz Onion, 1 oz Carrot, 1 oz Parsnip, 1 oz Turnip, 1 oz Radish, and large packet each of following—Cauliflower, Broccoli, Savoy, Brussels Sprouts, Cabbage, Lettuce, Beetroot, Marrow, Celery, Parsley, Cucumber, Tomato, 5 packets of Antiques, Peas to bloom all Summer; 10s. Giant Sweet Peas; 1 lb. "My New Potato, enormous cropper and keeper. All above named Carriage Paid, 4/-. All seeds are in accordance testing order, 1918.—G. F. Letts, Seed Grower, 40, Hadleigh, Suffolk.

DRESS.

DRESS shirts, pleated gabardine, 14s. 6d.; any size, any colour—Hanley's, Bon-Bon, Portobello-rd, London.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

ARTIFICIAL Teeth sold bought—Messrs. Browning, A dental manufacturers, 65, Oxford-st., London, W. 1, the original firm, who do not advertise misleading prices; call or post and receive full value per return, or offer made; established 180 years.

OLD False Teeth, Jewellery, etc.—Highest possible value given or offered by return. If not accepted goods returned immediately, post free. Platinum Scrap, 21s. per oz.—Rayburn and Co., 105, Market-st., Manchester.

DISBURSED Jewellery, broken Gold, Silver, Antiques, Plate, Diamonds, Watches, Teeth, oddments; 10s. of each same day. Trial—Stanley Pearce, 133, Gray's Inn-rd., London.

URGENTLY Needed.—All kind Ladies' cast-off clothing; cash sent immediately. Est. 60 years—Mrs. H. Walker, 25, Kensington, London.

WANTED, Artificial Teeth, Old Jewellery, Watches, Gold, Silver and Plated Goods (any condition); utmost value or offered by return. 10s. of each same day. Trial—Pearce and Co., 133, Gray's Inn-rd., London.

WANTED, Ladies' Gen's Cast-off Clothes, highest prices; cash or return 15 days for trunks and parcels. Trial—Pearce and Co., 133, Gray's Inn-rd., London.

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CIGARETTES! Cigarettes!! Cigarettes!!!—Cigarettes in packets of 10, 20, 25, etc., supplied immediately to the trade; carriage paid; large profits, no fixed retail prices; also Pipes, Pencils, Cigarette Cases, Lighters, Flints and Sundries of all kinds; lowest prices; large stock; satisfaction guaranteed; send for Free Lists now to largest Mail Order Smokers' Sundriesmen, Phillips and Groves (Dept. 21), 19, Bishopsgate, London, E.C. 2.

FABIAN'S Eram-Khayram Cigarettes, Amber-colored; delightful, mild aroma. Remindful of the Mysterious Charm, Vision and alluring sweetness of the romantic East—For sample box, call or send P.O. stamps or cheque for 1s. 5d. (for large box 4s. 6d.) L. & W. H. Smith, Eram Cig. Mfrs. (Dept. D.M.), 74, New Bond-st., London, W.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A CURE for Deafness has been discovered which is sure and certain in results; everybody's opportunity—Full particulars of D. Curran, 11, Bedford-square, W.C. 4.

IF Miss Mary S. Davies, formerly of Portland-terrace, Southsea, one of the executors of the late Leonard Baiterwell, will communicate with D. C. W. H. Smith and Son, Penzance, it will be to her advantage.

ADY in North Wales (desires) desires 10-year-old girl L as companion to boy of same age. Widow of officer, or others of gentle birth, invited to communicate with Box 4393, "Daily Mirror", 23, Bonville-st., London, E.C. 4.



Miss Evelyn Curzon, niece of Earl Howe, has been nursing for the last two years in a war hospital.



Mrs. Stuart Black, whose husband has served both in France and Egypt and been twice wounded.

STATE AND "TRADE"

Some Big Bills Coming—How an Actress Did Her Bit.

IT IS LIKE a breath from the distant past to find "State Purchase and Local Option" being discussed by responsible statesmen. "The liquor problem"—as people call it—may yet find its solution, for the report on the Government's control experiment at Carlisle encourages the advocates of the State purchase of all our hostilities and inns.

Trouble Coming.

This, of course, will give rise to the fiercest controversy. We shall have all the old arguments which have been laid aside since the days of Gladstone and Harcourt, taken down, dusted and used again.

Bolshevism To Be Fought.

Mr. Bonar Law says that all known Russian Bolshevists in this country are to be deported. "But why wait till now?" said a prominent M.P. to me. "We have wasted two years dallying with Bolshevism and all Europe is in peril. Even Paris sees at last that Bolshevism must be destroyed at its source."

Sweet Reason.

While the Government will accept what they call "reasonable" amendments to the Transport Bill, they will accept nothing that will whittle down Sir Eric Geddes' powers with regard to railways, roads, docks, harbours, piers or electricity.

The Office-Seekers.

Fifteen thousand letters for members were delivered at the House of Commons one day this week. A good many of them were from people looking for jobs of £400 to £500.

Politics and Postage.

A well-known Labour M.P. told me that he had come to the conclusion that a member of this Parliament was nothing but a clerk. As he just finished a bulky correspondence his little growl was justifiable. "More postages than politics," is how he summed up the situation.

The Housing Bill.

Dr. Addison expects to introduce the Housing Bill about next Monday or Tuesday, unless emergency Labour legislation has to be passed. But that is not expected. As one Labour leader put it, he thinks "a way through will be found."

India in Reform.

India is getting a good deal of attention from our rulers. A committee has just been



Miss Margaret B. Lewis gained the O.B.E. for services at the Ministry of Labour.



The newest actor-manager is Mr. Arthur Wontner, who is joining Lady Wyndham at the Criterion.

set up to consider Indian reforms on the lines of the Montagu-Chelmsford scheme.

An Under-Secretary.

Sir Edgar Jones is spoken of as likely to be the first Welsh Under-Secretary to the Ministry of Health. He formed, and for some time ran, the Priority Department of the Ministry of Munitions.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

Terratt's Tip.

In an Underground train yesterday I was flung violently into the arms of Mr. Joe Terratt, the Labour leader. As we were crushed together for half an hour I got a few tips about Labour affairs. Mr. Terratt prophesies no strikes, and thinks Mr. Thomas has solved his part of the problem very ably.

The Miners.

Mr. Terratt said that one of the miners' troubles has been the natural jealousy inspired in one group who have been doing badly of another group doing well. "Mining," he said, "if you strike a good seam, is not a bad life, and you can make money at it, but when you strike a bad seam and get plenty of coal dust and dirt for your labour you are liable to get exasperated if you are human."

In "The House."

A packed audience, supporters of the Waifs and Strays movement, assembled in Mr. Lowther's house yesterday afternoon. So striking were the portraits of past Speakers, so fine the old oak panelling on the walls, that we had sat in silence for a quarter of an hour before we realised that the speakers had been misled.

Mistaken Speakers.

Eventually Mr. Pike Pease took the chair, and announced that they hoped to "collect" the Lord Chancellor and others later. Sir Donald Maclean, trying to look as if he were not late, came in as the speech ended.

A Sargent on War.

The Imperial War Museum is veiling the work done for the British War Memorials in profound mystery. Nothing will be allowed to leak out until the pictures are shown to- gether, next winter.

The sole exception is Mr. Sargent's great war picture, which will be the most striking feature of the forthcoming Royal Academy exhibition.



Mr. Dudley Hardy.

Royal Patronage.

I met Mr. Dudley Hardy a while ago. He told me that Queen Alexandra had bought his Royal Institute picture, "The Germans Have Left Belgium." This is not the first time that the Queen has bought one of Mr. Hardy's pictures.

Jazz Band for Wedding Reception.

After the wedding of Major Vyvyan Kelsey, R.M.L.I., and Mrs. Scott, widow of Commander Walter Scott, R.N., at St. Stephen's Gloucester-road, to-day, I hear there is to be a thé dansant at the De Vere Hotel, with a jazz band for the dancers.

Actress' New Role.

Miss Madge Titheradge, a great friend of the bride, will attend her as "dame d'honneur," and will wear white taffetas and carry red roses. Mrs. Scott's dress is a scheme of primrose and gold lace, and her two boys will walk with her in the bridal procession.

Bridal Silver.

The Primate of All Ireland was officiating at a beautiful wedding in St. Margaret's, Westminster, when Miss Bridget Guthrie married Colonel James. The bride wore sweeping robes of cloth of silver draped over silver lace, with a long court train, and was attended by a row of charming little lads and maidens in silver and white Stuart dress.

Greeting the Bride.

First to greet the bride as a wife when she left the vestry was Princess Marie Louise. The next greeting came from her popular grandmother, Lady Constance Leslie, who took a pink flower from the bridal bouquet for luck.

Good Service.

From the War Office comes a long list of names of people who have rendered valuable services in connection with the war. I notice that Lord Amphil appears in it, also the Master of Ruthven, Sir H. Broughton, Sir Wilfred Cross and Lord Crofton.

Premier and Labour.

Mr. Lloyd George expects to be back in London the end of next week. It is as certain as such things can be that he will attend the resumed Industrial Conference on April 4.

Shopping Weather.

All the shopping streets yesterday were full of women in smart clothes, lured out by the spring in the air. Even Queens were not immune, and Queen Marie of Rumania was shopping at Harrod's before going to the House of Commons.

A.B.C.

"All British Controlled," in big red letters, stares at one from a tobacco shop window in Fleet-street. The business, I found, is run by ex-soldiers, and two silver-badged men were very busy behind the counter.

The Notice.

Rambling in a suburban district yesterday I observed the following notice in a shop window: "Having given the Germans beans for the past four years, I am now about to open a fish and chip business."

The Fare.

Early workers yesterday were disconcerted to find extra pence demanded from them on the buses. Next month fares on the Tubes will be raised. Can it be on account of the larger numbers of passengers being carried?

The King's Interest in Sport.

All sportsmen will be delighted to hear that the King, who takes the greatest interest in sport, has consented to give a cup to the winners of the Inter-Services Rugby tournament, which ends on April 12.

The Winners.

There is a very strong feeling that the Mother Country will prove the ultimate winners, although New Zealand have, up to now, accomplished all that has been asked of them.

A "Double."

I hear that Mrs. Peel greatly fancies the chance of Pothlyn at Liverpool to-day. As the Marchioness of Queensberry won the Lincolnshire Handicap with Royal Bucks, a win for Mrs. Peel's horse would make a nice "double" for the sex to which I have not the honour to belong.

A Clerical Comic.

Harry Randall sends me up a good story from Brighton. A few weeks ago a clergyman was taking the air on the Western Pier. He noticed a young man passing and repassing him. The youth always smiled. Finally he said to the clergyman: "How do you do?" "Very well indeed," replied the clergyman. "Oh, I knew you at once," said the young man. "You are George Robey, and I saw you at the theatre last night."

Conducting.

I imagine Sir Thomas Beecham is by now convinced that he has "come into his own," so far as opera in London is concerned. Drury Lane Theatre is filled at every performance. That is proof that London appreciates well-produced and well-sung opera. I have seen many conductors, but for grace and vigour I think Sir Thomas in the chair is the finest figure of them all.

Prolonged Applause.

Now that I have recovered from the thrills of "Victory" at the Globe Theatre I may mention that the applause began half an hour before the curtain rose and continued until the end of the overture. This is explained by the fact that the stalls practically were filled with theatrical favourites. The Misses Lottie Venne, Marion Terry, Phyllis Broughton and others were acclaimed.

Free from 'Flu'.

I saw Miss Iris Hoy yesterday looking a little pale but very cheerful. She tells me that she has ceased to play in the 'flu drama, and will re-appear in "The Man from Toronto" on Monday.



Miss Mabel Green.

War Work.

One of the few actresses who kept steadily on with war work all through the great conflict was Miss Mabel Green, who helped in a war hospital. She also played for six evenings and two matinees a week. So I think she may just as well have her picture here.

THE RAMBLER.

THE RATIONAL LIFE.

We are getting back.

When the Armistice was signed some of us thought all our troubles were over. The hateful restrictions and the petty interferences with our daily life would now cease, and we should be free once more. Tradesmen who treated us with haughty disdain and gave us C3 goods at A1 prices would mend their ways, and even the Taxi-Drivers would grow polite.

Alas! we were wrong. None of these things happened. The Fighting was over, but the War still held us fast. We were still like a people in chains controlled by a Will that was not our own.

To some of us it seemed that our captivity would never end—but at last there are clear signs that we are slowly on our way back to the Rational Life.



"Avoid this sort of thing by supping at the Popular."

I had cheerful evidence of this only yesterday. Last night I took my wife to the Theatre, and when the show was over we had supper at the "Popular Cafe." It was an excellent supper—almost pre-war—and the price was but 3s. 6d. It was well served, in cheerful surroundings, and before the meal was over the four dark years seemed to slip away into nothingness and be as though they had never been.

Moreover, by indulging in this little supper we missed that awful rush for the "Tube," and travelled home a little later in comparative comfort.

We were at a table on the Balcony at the Popular Cafe in Piccadilly, and the buzz of conversation was going on all round us.

I leaned across the table. "Do you remember the last time we were here, Mary?" My companion nodded and smiled—"Four Years," she said.

"It is as good now as it was then," I ventured.

"Better," she answered, "much better."

And I agreed with her.

Yes! beyond a doubt, we are getting back.

(Adv.)

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Prepared from the finest Curative Oils of great penetrating power. Unrivalled for its wonderful efficiency as a cure for RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, GOUTY ECZEMA, SPRAINS, CRAMP, CHILBLAINS, &c. Soothes all pain—alleviates all inflammation—drives away every ache and dispels every swelling or distortion. To be obtained from any of the 550 Branches of Boots or any other well-known chemist, in Bottles at 1/3 or 2/-, or, if sent by direct post, free at 1/6 and 3/6 from the ODDS-ON SPECIFICS CO., Ltd. (Dept. G), 35-37, Cock Lane, London, E.C.1. Trial bottle sent post free on application.

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A Genuine Home Cure which has no competitor, purely vegetable, can be carried in the pocket and taken privately—is endorsed and patronised by doctors and clergymen in thousands and used in many inebriate homes in many parts of the world. Immediate results: more calm, refreshing sleep, steady nerves, clear brain and permanent removal of all desire or craving for any kind of alcoholic drink or drugs, with a certainty of cure in either men or women. Full particulars sent privately. Address Secretary, Dept. 3, The Normyl Treatment Association, 91, Victoria Street, S.W. 1.

NOBODY'S LOVER

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

URSULA LORIMER, a young and pretty girl, who is forced to earn her own living.
JAKE RATTRAY, a man under medical sentence of death.
DORIS ST. CLARE, formerly engaged to Jake.

TIME'S CHANGES.

IT was impossible to avoid the meeting, had either Jake or Ursula wished to do so. The recognition was mutual, and Jake's heart seemed to leap to his throat as he met her eyes.

Was she going to speak—or would she pass on? He set his teeth and waited, bracing himself for anything. Then Ursula wavered, the colour flying treacherously to her face. How was it possible to pass him as if they were only strangers? She stopped and held out her hand.

"How do you do?" Her voice was casual enough. An onlooker would not have been conscious of any particular emotion in either of their faces, but Ursula felt as if she were in a dream, and as if every word she spoke were being forced from her by some independent power.

"You've come back to town again, then?" What a ridiculous thought to say, she thought helplessly, and she rushed on: "Have you had a good time away? It seems ever so long since I saw you." Then she could have bitten her tongue for her thoughtlessness. What did he care how long it seemed, or how much she had suffered?

She went on again, not giving him time to answer: "Aunt Milly died. Did you know?" He found his voice then. "I saw it in the papers. I am sorry." Stupid, banal words; but for the life of him he could think of no others.

There was an awkward silence. "I have started work in earnest now, you know," Ursula said, and he answered: "Yes, so I heard," adding hurriedly: "Spicer told me." There seemed to be an impassable gulf between them of which he was conscious, and which neither could bridge, and yet both their hearts were sick with longing, and the tears were not far from Ursula's eyes.

She looked away from him down the street. "It's a lovely morning, isn't it?" she said, with the desperate feeling that she must say something. "It's nice to see the sun again."

"I shall see plenty of that soon," Jake said with a wry smile. "I am going to Australia." He was not looking at her, or he would have seen the sudden change in her face. Its soft prettiness seemed to clench up as if with some unbearable pain, but the next moment she had recovered herself and was smiling.

"Really! It's all decided, then. How delightful!"

"Very," said Jake, dryly. "And shall you be away—long?" She felt that she must know, and though she dreaded what his answer would be.

He shrugged his shoulders. "I haven't decided. If the place attracts me sufficiently, I may stay—indeinitely."

"That so often happens to people who go abroad," she said.

"So I believe." Jake was looking at her steadily now, taking in every detail of her face with new delight.

He would probably never see her again. His eyes wandered wistfully over her dainty features.

It seemed impossible that he had ever kissed her, ever held her in his arms. They had grown so far apart during the short weeks since they met.

Ursula raised her eyes suddenly. "What are you going to do with the dog?" she asked. Jake flushed. "Mrs. Spicer will take him for me. Why?"

"Nothing. I only wondered." She would have given a great deal to have had the dog herself. It would have seemed some small link with her past happy life.

"You will miss him," she said, and Jake answered, rather grimly, "I shall—but that is not the worst of my troubles."

She did not try to understand what he meant. Was she wondering how soon she could say "Good-bye" and move away, but her feet felt chained to the ground.

Perhaps Jake guessed her thoughts, for he said, abruptly: "I must not keep you. I am glad we met. I should have been sorry to have had no opportunity to say good-bye to you."

"Yes," she forced her lips to smile, but despair was choking her.

She would never see him again, and it was so little to him that he could say good-bye to her here, in the public street, with just a cool hand-clasp and no word of regret.

"I hope you will have the best of luck always," Jake said. He held her hand for a moment, then let it go. "I dare say I shall hear of you sometimes—through the Spicers."

"Yes," said Ursula. There was a little moment of silence, then Jake was walking on alone down the street.

The worst parting was over, anyway, he thought dully. After this nothing else would matter. When he had gone a few steps he looked back over his shoulder. Ursula had reached the end of the road, and had paused to look back at him. It was only for a moment, then they each went hurriedly on their way.

"It's just as well," Jake told himself fiercely. "I'm glad she doesn't care. It would have been worse if she had."

He tried to believe that it would, but it was a consolation that failed. If she had been going with him on this voyage he knew that he would have been the happier for it.

"I met Miss Lorimer this morning," he told Elsa when he looked in at the flat that evening.

He spent more time with the Spicers now than he did at his own rooms. He was carefully studying the pages of a magazine, and did not look up as he spoke, but he was painfully conscious of the little silence before she answered him, and wondered what were her thoughts.

"Did you, Jake? I haven't seen her lately. How did she look?"

"Oh, the same as usual, I think."

"She did not say anything about coming to see me?"

"No."

Elsa hesitated; then she said: "I think I shall ask her to dine on night before you go."

Jake looked up sharply. "Please, don't—not on my account. Besides—I don't think she would come if she knew I was here."

There was such a hard note of unhappiness in his voice that Elsa forgot her husband's injunctions that she was not to speak of Ursula to him, and she got up and went across to where he sat, laying a kind hand on his arm.

"Jake, what has happened? You used to be such friends."

URSULA DINES OUT.

FOR a moment he did not answer, but she felt him move restlessly beneath her touch.

"Don't think I want to interfere with what is not my business," she went on earnestly. "But I am so fond of you both, that if there is any little misunderstanding that might be put right."

Jake laughed. He put up his hand, drew hers down and kissed it lightly.

"Don't worry your head about me, my dear," he said. "I'm not a figure for pity, and—and."

Miss Lorimer rose, there isn't anything that needs to be put right. She's quite happy, I assure you."

"And—you, Jake?"

As she was standing behind his chair she could not see his face, he knew, and for one moment Jake closed his eyes with a sick longing to confide in her—to tell her the whole miserable business and seek her kindly sympathy. But it was only for a moment, and the next he let her hand go, and, turning, smiled into her eyes.

"I'm happy to have you for a friend, anyway," he said, and Elsa knew that it was useless to say further.

But her woman's instinct told her that what he had said of Ursula was only half the truth. In her own mind she was sure that there had been something deeper than mere friendship between them.

She went out of her way to meet Ursula the very next day and to speak to her of Jake.

"You know he sails for Australia in a week!" she asked.

"Yes, I know. He told me." Whatever Ursula had suffered since that encounter with Jake, she was quite mistress of her own emotions once more, and Elsa's face felt dispassionate.

"I hate people going abroad," she said. "So often one never sees them again."

"I think Mr. Rattray will be one of them," Ursula agreed quietly. Somehow, I don't think he ever means to come back."

"And she really looks as if she doesn't care," was the dismayed thought in Elsa's mind. "Oh, what are all the girls of to-day made of?"

She was bitterly disappointed in Ursula, and unconsciously her manner showed it; for there were tears in the younger girl's eyes as she walked away.

"She thinks it is my fault about Jake," she told Elsa privately. "She is angry with me because she thinks I have treated him badly."

Like Jake, she longed to make a confidante of Elsa Spicer, but pride held her back. It would be too humiliating to confess how hurt she was by the meeting with the girl, and since they had chance meeting with Jake the pain seemed more difficult to bear, added to by the knowledge that he was so soon going away.

Night and day he was always in her thoughts. She found herself unconsciously looking for him whenever she went out. Once, driven almost desperate by the overwhelming desire to see him, she asked Bailey to take her to lunch at Mario's.

She knew Jake often went there; but on that particular day he had stayed in his rooms, and she was disappointed.

The days seemed to fly now so few were left before he went away. One afternoon, more for someone to talk to than from any real desire to see him she called round at Mr. Simpson's office.

"I have never had any reply to my letter," she said rather wistfully.

Mr. Simpson shook his head. "I don't understand my client to say that he would write to you."

"He has changed his mind, then," she answered. "And, after all, why should he write to me? He can't really be interested."

Mr. Simpson did not know how to answer. He had not seen Jake again, though he had heard from him once or twice, and knew that his plans for going abroad were completed.

"And how is the voice going?" he asked in a friendly way.

To his dismay tears swam into the girl's brown eyes.

"Oh, sometimes I think I don't care whether I go on with or without him," she said quivering.

"What is the use of trying to make a name when there is nobody who really cares?" Then she laughed, rather ashamedly and brushed a hand across her eyes. "I'm not of an silly kind."

"And, of course, I love singing, and I shall go on, whatever happens. I'm rather lumpy to-day—perhaps it's the weather."

Mr. Simpson glanced towards the window. It was a peep day for the time of year, and the sun was shining brightly.

He wondered whether she would allow him to take her somewhere to tea, and while he was

By RUBY M. AYRES

turning the matter over in his rather sedate mind Ursula rose.

"Well, I must go. I won't waste your time any longer." She took up her gloves from the writing-table, and as she did so her eyes fell upon an envelope lying there addressed to Jake Rattray.

The colour mounted slowly to her cheeks, and for a moment she did not raise her eyes, then she said, indicating the envelope, "Do you know Mr. Rattray?"

Simpson, junior, started. He had forgotten that the letter was lying exposed. He took it up with rather overdone carelessness, and threw it on one side.

"Mr. Rattray is a client of mine," he answered. He looked at her rather apprehensively.

"Yes." There was a little silence. "He is going abroad soon, isn't he?" Ursula asked.

"To Australia—yes."

Ursula drew on her gloves slowly, and Mr. Simpson saw how heavily her fingers were pressed; she tried to button them. "Well—good-bye," she said.

He went with her to the door, and just as they parted she said, "Mr. Simpson—you won't tell Mr. Rattray that . . . that I asked anything about him?"

Simpson, junior, lowered his eyes with a curious little feeling of pain. He had always been interested in this girl, and he wondered what it affected him so unpleasantly to have discovered that whatever Jake might, or might not, think of her, there was no doubt, that she cared for him.

"I shall not tell him, Miss Lorimer," he answered quietly, and he was haunted for days afterwards by the look in her brown eyes as she thanked him and went away.

Only four more days and Jake would be gone! She felt as if she could not bear it if she did not see him again, and yet if she had known that by turning the corner of the street she could have seen him she would have gone in the opposite direction to avoid him.

She tried to believe that when he was really out of the country she would feel better. She wished that, something fresh would come into her life to divert her thoughts and interest her sufficiently to make her forget him. Music had failed her, she knew, and the future had suddenly assumed a dread aspect.

She began to fear being left to herself. Although she had always avoided making friends with the other girls in the college she sought them now deliberately. She went out with them to teas and theatres when they would allow her to go, and though they were quite amiable when she was with them, she knew that amongst themselves they were speculating as to why she had changed, and vaguely resenting it.

"I don't care—I don't care for anything any more," she thought, recklessly, when one evening they went out to a theatre without asking her to join them. Everything seemed to have changed at once. She had never been so utterly alone.

In desperation she went round to her uncle's. Henry March was living in a boarding-house, where the food was good and everything else but, except her to his own description.

He was surprised to see Ursula, but secretly rather gratified.

In his own mind he was sure that he had discovered that his prophecy had been correct, and that already she was regretting the home she had had under her roof.

"Shall I take you out somewhere?" he repeated, with a broad smile, when she made her request. "We are waiting for you."

Like a girl who should want an old man to take you about when there must be so many young ones who would be willing?"

"I don't like young men," Ursula answered. "I would rather go with you."

He was flattered. "We'll go somewhere to dinner, then," he said. "I must admit that I am tired of the meals here—excellent as they are. Now, last night we had"—and he proceeded to detail the menu to her. Ursula listened as patiently as she could, then suddenly she interrupted:

"Well, where shall we go?"

"Not Mario's—that place is run by daylight robbers," he declared violently, but they ended by going there after all, as Ursula had been sure they would.

She looked nervously round as they entered. Supposing Jake was there? She knew Mr. Simpson's office was on the same floor, and although he had always declared that if ever he did it would be only to tell him, once and for all, what he really thought of his conduct.

Mr. March went off to leave his coat, and Ursula waited for him where she had waited that night—how long ago was it?—when Jake and his friends had first come into her life.

The vestibule was crowded with people—pretty women in evening frocks, and attendant cavaliers. Ursula looked at them sadly. She felt herself so much out of it all, so unwanted.

Was she ever to know any more happiness in her life? It seemed as if, when Jake left her, he had taken her girlhood with him, leaving in its place a woman saddened and embittered by disappointment.

"If only I had never met him—or if I could forget him!" The same desperate thought was always in her mind. She felt herself shut in by his personality from seeking other happiness.

Her love had made her a prisoner. She looked round impatiently across the vestibule and saw him coming towards her—with Jake Rattray beside him.

Do not miss to-morrow's instalment of this fascinating serial.



Ursula Lorimer.

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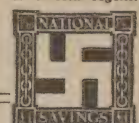
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Instead of the thousands of sickly, anemic-looking men, women and girls with pasty or muddy complexions; instead of the multitudes of "nerve wrecks," "run-downs," "brain fags" and pessimists, we should see a virile, optimistic throng of rosy-cheeked people everywhere.

An inside bath is had by drinking, each morning before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and intestines the previous day's indigestible waste, sour fermentations and poisons, thus cleansing, sweetening and freshening the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

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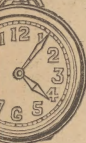
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Captain Hemphill.



Lord Hemphill.

PEER'S DEATH.—Lord Hemphill, who has died, is succeeded by his brother, Captain the Hon. Fitzroy Hemphill.



WOMAN CHAMPION.—Lady Strachey, president of the Billiards Circle at the Lyceum Club, presenting the championship cup to Mrs. Eddowes. Miss Saunders, runner up, was present.



A NEW YORK CREATION.—This frock is of shell pink charmeuse combined with georgette crepe and honeycomb flouncing. It hangs quite loosely.

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RUGBY IN DEVONSHIRE.—Exmouth was much too good for Exeter City, and won by 24 points to 3. The match aroused great interest locally.

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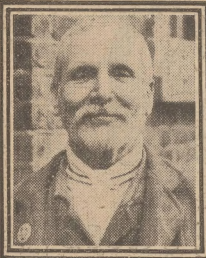
September 8, 9, 10, Scarborough v. Mr. C. I. Thornton'
 XI.

100

Daily Mirror

Friday, March 28, 1919.

TWO NEWS PORTRAITS.



Harry East, formerly a pioneer in a Labour battalion of the R.E. in France, who is now an inmate of Watford Workhouse. He writes that his pension has been stopped and that he suffers from debility.



Miss Beryl Orde-Powlett, daughter of Col. Orde-Powlett, of Southsea, who, voluntarily and without a break, drove an ambulance, without mishap, throughout the war. She drove 40,000 wounded.



TAKING CARE OF THE LAMBS.—A 'snapshot' taken on a Surrey farm. They need every attention during the cold weather, and are housed in straw huts.

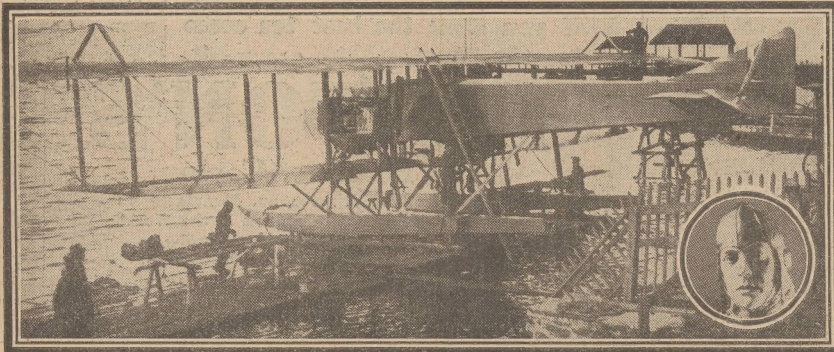


The last hurdle in the Seaside Plate.



Mist, winner of the Louth Plate.

The meeting was very largely attended, and was one of the most successful yet held.



BAD LUCK FOR AN ATLANTIC FLIGHT COMPETITOR.—The great machine which Captain Sunstedt hoped to pilot across the Atlantic has been partially wrecked in America, and the accident may possibly prevent him competing for the prize. Captain Sunstedt is seen in the circle.



BEAUTY CONTEST.—Has a good record of service.



IN NURSE'S UNIFORM.—Appeared at concerts for wounded.



DISPATCH RIDER.—A member of Q.M.A.A.C.



A 2½ LB. PONY.—Cecilie (Miss Margaret Trafford), the conjurer, with pet Shetland pony Rosalie. It is believed to be the smallest in the country.